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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: a Satire.* By Lord Byron. 8vo. 3d edit. 1810.

THE power of satirizing the frailties of mankind, and of correcting their follies by the severity of sarcasm, or the lightness of ridicule, is sometimes of considerable importance, as well in the literary as in the moral world. But this power is not unlike the possession of arbitrary authority in the hands of a tyrant; it does not restrain from vice or folly, nor does it frequently produce either amendment or repentance; resentment and hatred are its usual results; and the individual who possesses it is rather feared than respected. Yet, notwithstanding this aphorism, it is scarcely possible to refrain from enjoying some of the severe satires which men of the greatest abilities have produced; and when these are carefully and judiciously resorted to, they tend to give a keenness to the wit, a perception to the intellect, and a general maturity to the literary mind.

The poem now under our consideration may justly be termed the *Dunciad* of the nineteenth century; uniting at once all the satirical keenness of Pope, with the personality of Boileau: the latter author commenced his critical career at the age of thirty, by writing a satire that excited against him the crowd of authors whom his poem attacked. Our Boileau has fared far otherwise; of all those who fell under his sarcastic remarks, not one has presumed to notice, much less to answer, the severity of criticism with which they were dictated; and rather chose that the poem, and the incidents which gave birth to it, should drop into oblivion, than hazard a second rencontre with so formidable an opponent\*. That it is a

\* It appears by the following extract from the preface to the second edition, that his lordship expected a very different result:

"I have been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* muse, whom they have already bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantæne animis cælestibus Iræ!"

"I suppose I must say of Jeffray, as Sir Anthony.

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reasonable thing to distinguish good writers by discouraging the bad, no person will for an instant controvert; why then his lordship should wish to suppress one of the best works he has yet written, and thus place it beyond the reach of the great majority of readers to judge for themselves, is to us totally inexplicable\*. But, whatever his lordship's motives may have been, they cannot be supposed to actuate many others besides himself: for this reason, while we would deprecate the charge of laying open the wounds which first occasioned the publication of this poem, we wish to introduce it more immediately to the public notice, and therefore our criticism shall be accompanied by copious extracts from its highly amusing pages.

The annual custom of composing and reciting a poem on the meeting of the Literary Fund by William Fitzgerald, Esq. furnishes an admirable opening for this very uncommon production; and the idea, that while the muse of that gentleman is left unrestrained, his lordship's remained confined, gives a keenness and justice to the satire, which it would not otherwise have possessed. These lines are followed by a very spirited apostrophe to the author's pen, in which it is scarcely possible to surpass the nervous strength and force which distinguishes the whole passage:—

"Still must I hear? shall hoarse FITZGERALD† bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,  
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews  
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?  
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:  
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Aguecheek saith, 'An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia."

\* The writer of this article, on inquiring at his bookseller's for this poem, was informed, that nearly the whole impression had been bought up, and that a copy was now worth from four to five guineas!

† Mr. FITZGERALD, facetiously termed by COBBETT the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the "Literary Fund;" not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port to enable them to sustain the operation.

"Oh! Nature's noblest gift, my grey-goose quill! Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men!  
The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes  
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,  
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,  
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.  
What wits, what poets, dost thou daily raise!  
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!  
Condemn'd, at length, to be forgotten quite,  
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.  
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!  
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,  
Our task complete, like Hamet's\* shall be free,  
Tho' spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:  
Then let us soar to-day, no common theme,  
No eastern vision, no distempered dream,  
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain:  
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain."

The parts most essential in a reviewer's composition, we mean an Edinburgh reviewer, is well portrayed:

"A man must serve his time to every trade  
Save censure, critics all are ready-made.  
Take hackneyed jokes from MILLER, got by rote,  
With just enough of learning to misquote;  
A mind well skill'd to forge or find a fault,  
A turn for punning, call it attic salt;  
To GIFFREY† go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:  
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,  
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;  
Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest,  
And stand a critic hated, yet caressed."

His lordship's opinion of poets and poetry, which seems to run in an *inverse ratio* with the opinions of other men, places next on the list a name which has long ranked high in public estimation; we say a name; as we believe that the individual's main fault may be summed up in five letters—he is a SCOTT; and his lordship has suffered so severely from the north, that much respect for so ominous a sound could not well be expected:—

"Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,  
For notice eager, pass in long review;  
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;  
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;  
And tales of terror jostle on the road;  
Immeasurable measures move along,  
For simpering folly loves a varied song,  
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,  
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.  
Thus Lays of Minstrels;—may they be the last!  
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

\* CID HAMET BENENGELI promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of CID HAMET BENENGELI.

† Jeffray.—REV.

‡ "See the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as



While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,  
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;  
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood,  
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,  
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,  
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;  
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell;  
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roam,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion;  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base!  
And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit per-  
chance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine  
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?  
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sear'd, their former laurels fade.  
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;  
Low may they sink to merited contempt,  
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!  
Such be their meed, such still the just reward  
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long good night to Marmion\*."

Mr. Southey, who is the next considerable personage on the list, appears to have rendered himself obnoxious to his lordship; we know not where lies the "head and front of his offending;" but feel fully persuaded that Mr. S. would never intentionally offend; and as we do not feel inclined to give his lordship credit for one of the attributes of the Jeffrayian band, we must presume that the following passage ought to have found a place in the errata:—

the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell, in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine "a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read, can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, 'twas his neck-verse at hair-ree, i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef-d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident, we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black letter ballad imitations."

\* "Good night to Marmion;" the pathetic, and also prophetic exclamation of HENRY BLOUNT, Esq. on the death of honest Marmion."

"I can safely say that I have attacked none personally who did not commence on the offensive\*."

"Next see tremendous Thalaba come on t,  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;  
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!  
Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!  
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,  
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!  
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,  
Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.  
Oh! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY! cease thy varied song!  
A bard may chaunt too often and too long:  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!  
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.  
But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;  
If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,  
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil!;  
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:  
"God help thee," SOUTHEY, and thy readers too."

We should have supposed that a fellow dealer in deeds of sombre hue, would have fared better than appears to have been the case with the author of "The Monk;" but his lordship seems to have verified the proverb, *auri bonus est odor ex requalibet*:—

"Oh! wonder-working LEWIS! monk, or bard,  
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard!  
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!  
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,  
By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band;  
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
To please the females of our modest age;  
All hail, M. P. §! from whose infernal brain  
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;  
At whose command 'grim women' throng in crowds,  
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,  
With 'small grey men,' 'wild yagers,' and what not,  
To crown with honour thee, and WALTER SCOTT:  
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;  
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell."

(To be continued.)

\* Vide Preface to the third edition.

† "Thalaba, Mr. SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems "which," in the words of PORSON, "will be read when HOMER and VIRGIL are forgotten, but not till then."

‡ "We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: 'Madoc disdains the degraded title of epic.' See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romancers of Masters COTTE, Laureat PYE, OGILVY, HOLE, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the epic muse; but, as Mr. Southey's poem 'disdains the appellation,' allow us to ask, has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or, must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?"

§ "See 'The Old Woman of Berkley,' a Ballad, by Mr. SOUTHEY, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a high-trotting horse."

§ "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a Poem to Mr. LEWIS, in the Statesman, supposed to be written by Mr. JERRELL.

### The Possibility of Approaching the North Pole asserted, &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE active and inquiring mind of Mr. Barrington was not to be satisfied on this, his favourite subject, with the information he could obtain in his own country, by transmitting his queries to wherever there was a probability of learning any thing, but he also sent them unto other countries, and received from Professor Allemand, of Leyden, by means of Mr. Valltravers, an account of the Dutch navigators who had reached high northern latitudes; and although very few of them kept journals when near the ice, yet their accounts are corroborated by so many circumstances, that they may safely be relied on.

Mr. John Walig, thirty-five years master of a Dutch Greenland ship, has been often to 81°, near the seven islands, to the northward of the north-east land; and he has known some that have reached 82°, but then not clear from ice, in which they drove about: he says, they seldom go nearer the Pole than 80½°, for the conjunction of the currents fasten the ice there, but generally to that latitude; and in 1763, a Scotch captain, in Greenland, told him, "that he had been to 83°, that the sea was then free from ice, but that he had made no discoveries." Mr. Walig fished from 80° 25', to 80° 35', in the year 1774, and thinks, that the Spitzbergen seas are most open to the northward in the month of September, but then the nights begin, which makes the navigation dangerous: he concludes his letter by relating the following early instances:

"But, in the year 1707, Captain Cornelis Gillis having gone without any ice far to the northward of 81°, sailed to the north of the Seven Islands, proceeded from thence east, and afterwards south-east, remaining to the east of the north-east land; when, coming again to latitude 80°, he discovered, about twenty-five miles east from the country to the north-east, very high lands, on which, as far as we know, nobody has ever been."

Captain William May, whose account, drawn up by the desire of Professor Allemand, is given in this volume, contains a translation of part of a journal kept on board the Vrow Maria, commander Martin Breet, which sailed from the Texel the 22d of April, 1771, reached latitude 76° 13' on May 15th, at which time she drove about the ice, and made fast to a field; on the 25th, was in latitude 79° 12', longitude 20° 40'; on the 11th of June, in 80° 19'; and on the 20th, reached 80° 58', when she became fast in the ice until the 20th; the wind then blowing, she



got some room in the ice; and on the 27th saw land, namely the Dorre Hoek, south by east half east, and the Vlakke Hoek, east south-east.

Although Mr. Breet met with so much ice from the latitude of  $79^{\circ} 30'$  to that of  $80^{\circ} 58'$ , yet

"Captain Jan Klaas Castricum, in the ship *Jonge Jan*, at that very time of the year, and nearly in the same longitude, reached  $81^{\circ} 40'$ , where he fished with success, in company with another ship from Hamburg, and found little ice. There were likewise two English ships, which sailed so far to the north, that Castricum lost sight of them from the mast-head; which two ships returned in something more than two days; and the captains came on board of Castricum, and assured him, that they had been to upwards of  $83^{\circ}$ , and could have gone much farther, as they had no obstructions from ice; but finding no whales, they returned. Other commanders, who had been in sight of those ships, confirmed Castricum's account."

Six of the oldest masters assured Captain May, that they had known an old English commander, whose name was Krickrach, (or more likely a Dutch master of an English vessel) who, between the fisheries, would sail to the northward, and once, about the year 1742, he stayed away ten, and at another time twenty days, and on his return, reported that he had been two degrees north of the Seven Islands. The Dutch commanders told Captain May, that the most northern voyage on which they could depend, was that of "Jacob Schol, in 1700, who had been so far north, that on his return he sailed with a fresh gale of wind, due south, forty-eight hours, and then fell in with the Seven Islands: he, consequently, had been (reckoning that run at only four Dutch miles an hour, which they thought too little) in upwards of  $84^{\circ}$  north latitude."

All the information obtained from the Dutch Greenland commanders, tends to show the probability of a passage to the Pole: the following extract from Captain May's account is interesting:—

"In all my conversation with our Greenland commanders, I never failed to ask which course they would take to reach high northern latitudes; the result was, that they would never seek it to the westward of Spitzbergen, but run out to the north, from the west coast of Nova Zembla. Mr. Baske's reasons and those of other commanders were,—

"1st. That all the western coast of the northern countries were, for the most part, free from ice, occasioned from the winds and tides chiefly coming from the east, which experience proves.

2d. That the ice comes originally from the Tartarian rivers; for, that the sea never freezes but where it is calm, and at the same time a great quantity of snow falls.

3d. That near the Seven Islands navigators often meet with a great north-east swell, which proves, that at such time the sea, to a considerable distance to the north-east, is not locked up by the ice.

4th. That the drift wood could not come to the northward of Spitzbergen, in case the seas between the north of Asia and that island were frozen; whereas a great quantity of that wood is drove on the north coast of Iceland, which is a demonstration that the currents come from the north-east.

5th. That in some of the trees the marks of the axe were very plain, and the colour of the wood so fresh, that they certainly had not been six months in the sea.

6th. That some whole trees appeared with buds thereon, which they think could not have remained so fresh, if the trees had been a year in the salt water.

7th. That the east of Greenland was now discovered to the latitude of  $79\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  deg.; that it probably extended farther to the north-north-east, which they look upon to be the cause of the stoppage of ice between that coast and Spitzbergen, and the reason why they never find a north-west or northerly swell.

8th. That generally all ships, which had once got to the north as far as  $82^{\circ}$ , met with little or no obstructions from the ice; and more arguments to the same purpose. There were some, however, would rather make the trial between Spitzbergen and the land discovered by Mr. Gillis."

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the numerous instances of near approaches to the Pole, which Mr. Barrington adduces; we come now to notice his arguments. He thinks it highly improbable that there is a perpetual barrier of ice to the northward of  $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , which is not a degree beyond the most common fishing station; that it is sea from this latitude to the Pole is generally believed, and such an immense ocean could not be easily congealed, if we consider how very slowly sea-water is forced to assume the form of ice: it is well known that whales cannot live long under water, without occasionally rising to the surface for respiration; and, as they are supposed to come from the north, "how could this be, were there an incruited sea over them? and, indeed, every instance of exceeding north latitude  $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , as much proves that there is no perpetual barrier of ice in that latitude, as if the navigator hath reached the Pole."

It has been a disputed point, whether the ice in the Polar seas is formed of fresh or salt water. Sir Martin Frobisher, who made three successive voyages to Greenland, says, "We found none of the islands of ice salt in taste, whereby it appears that they were not of the ocean water congealed, which is always salt, but of some standing or little moving lakes; the main sea freezes not; and, therefore, there is

no *mare glaciale*." This opinion was not disputed by any one till the time of Mr. Boyle, who observes, that there are several at Amsterdam, who used to thaw the ice of sea water for brewing, and cites Bartholinus, *De nivis usu*. Mr. Boyle afterwards acknowledged that the fresh water obtained from ice floating in the sea, proves it could not have been formed from the ocean, "because the main sea is seldom or ever frozen." The experiments of Mr. Barrington and Dr. Higgins, on sea water, which form an interesting part of this volume, confirms the proofs already given, that the floating ice, observed both in high southern and northern latitudes, cannot be formed from sea water, which does not lose its saline qualities by congelation:—

"When sea water is frozen, it does not form ice similar to that from fresh water, being by no means so solid or transparent, as it consists of thin laminæ, or plates, between which the brine is deposited; and if the ice is accurately examined, the small portions of brine between the plates may be easily distinguished. If this brine, therefore, is removed, the laminæ of ice, when dissolved, becomes sweet to the taste; but, if thawed together with the brine intercepted between the laminæ, the taste is salt; nor can the ice be considerably divested of the brine, by merely leaving it to drain."

The next question seems to be, How such quantities of ice can be supplied from springs, rain, or frozen snow? The Tartarian rivers and Greenland is supposed, by our author, to furnish it, and in this opinion he is confirmed by other writers:

"The larger and higher ice islands are chiefly formed on shore; after which, they are undermined by the rills and melted snow during the summer. Mr. Wales observes, that in the islands of ice near Georgia, Australis, and Sandwich land, there are strata of *dirty* ice, which irrefragably proves their having been formed on land. Others, which happen to have projected over the sea, may have had their foundations sapped by the waves during a storm, so as to have lost their support; whilst others again may have been reft from the mass, to which they before adhered, by the expansive power of the frost. Great part of the field, or lower ice, I take to be formed by the snow falling on the sands, left bare for six hours, (from half ebb to half flood,) which immediately dissolves upon touching the sands, and before the tide returns."

The dangers of navigating in the ice are more formidable in appearance than fatal in their effects: our earliest discoveries were made in barks of seventy tons, and of no peculiar strength or construction; and in no part of the world is there greater quantities of ice than in Hudson's Bay, nor any navigation safer:—

"But, in the seas near the Pole, it is very



probable, there is little or no ice, for that is commonly formed in bays and rivers during winter, and does not break up and get into the sea till the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, when it begins to thaw upon the shores. It is also, when formed, very uncertain as to its continuance, being broken and driven about by the vehemence of the winds. As a proof of this, we have an instance of a vessel frozen in one of the harbours of Hudson's Bay, which, by the breaking of the ice, drove to sea, and, though it was Christmas, found the Straits quite free from ice\*, which are frequently choked with it in May and June, and made a safe and speedy passage home. All our accounts agree, that, in very high latitudes, there is less ice. Barentz, when his ship was frozen in Nova Zembla, heard the ice broken with a most horrible noise by an impetuous sea from the north,—a full proof that it was open. It is the invariable tradition of the Samoides and Tartars, who live beyond the Waygat, that the sea is open to the north of Nova Zembla all the year; and the most knowing people in Russia are of the same opinion."

The cold does not appear to be more intense near the Pole, than in more southern latitudes; and it is perfectly conformable to the laws of nature, as demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton, that near the Pole the cold should relax. The Rev. Mr. Tooke, chaplain to the factory at St. Petersburg, was strongly of opinion that the sea was open to the North Pole from this circumstance alone, and in a letter to our author he says, that he has been "assured by several persons, who have passed the winter in Kola, in Lapland, that in the severest weather, whenever a northerly wind blows, the cold diminishes instantly, and that if it continues, it always brings over a thaw as long as it lasts:" he adds, that the seamen who go out upon the whale and morse fisheries, early in March, (for the sea never freezes there) throw off their winter garments as soon as they are from fifty to one hundred wersts from land, and continue without them all the time they are upon the fishery; the north wind, therefore, cannot, during the coldest season of the year, be supposed to blow over ten degrees of ice.

In addition to the authorities already quoted in favour of a passage to the North Poles, are to be added those of Dr. Halley Maclaurin, Dr. Campbell, and particularly Captain Pickersgill, whose unsuccessful attempt in 1776 has been cited as an argument against it. Captain Pickersgill sailed from Scilly on the 10th of June, 1776, in the *Lion* armed brig, for the double purpose of protecting our whale fishers from the Americans, and to join Captain Cook, should he have been so fortunate

\* Mr. Dobb's Account of Hudson's Bay, pp. 69, 70.

as to have accomplished his passage from the Pacific Ocean through Davis's Straits: the plan was well laid, but too late; it appears, however, that Captain Pickersgill, after this trial, entertained sanguine hopes of a passage. At the conclusion of his journal, on the 31st of August, he notices the erroneous accounts given of Greenland, and concludes—"I shall communicate observations on the ice, the atmosphere, the land of Torbeshier, and the probability of a north-west passage in a short time."

The death of Captain Pickersgill prevented this; but the astronomer royal, who communicated the captain's journal to the Royal Society, informed Mr. Barrington—

"That he had often heard the navigator express himself, as well assured of a north-west passage; adding, that he received accounts of it from the inhabitants on the side of Davis's Straits, and that it was directly north-west,—very different from Baffin's track. Captain Pickersgill likewise thought, that the best method to find the passage was, to get out early, before the ice broke away in the upper part of Davis's Straits."

Of this opinion also is our author, who, in the very valuable suggestions which this work contains, is particularly anxious that the attempt should be made early: this, and many other of his hints, have been adopted in the expedition now leaving our shores; nor is it to be wondered at, when it is considered that he spared neither pains nor expense to collect every information on this important subject: he is particularly anxious that the discoveries in the Polar Seas should be achieved by Englishmen, as we have so long taken the lead in geographical discoveries; and he asks, "Is it not rather a reflection upon a scientific nation, that more is not known, with regard to the circumpolar regions of our own hemisphere, than can be collected from maps made in the time of Charles I, especially when the run, from the mouth of the Thames to the North Pole, is not a longer one than from Falmouth to the Cape de Verde Islands?"

The idea of proceeding to the North Pole over the ice, has been alluded to in a former part of this review\*; but the result of Colonel Beaufoy's queries to some Russians at Archangel, "on the probability of reaching from the island of Spitzbergen to the North Pole by means of rein-deer, during the winter," is very unfavourable to such a project. These Russians, who had wintered at Spitzbergen, state, that the cold is much more severe there

than at Archangel; the winds high; storms of snow frequent, being often more than from three to five feet deep, "which is driven by the winds from place to place, so as sometimes to render all passage impracticable; and on the coasts, between the hills, there are mountains of ice, occasioned by the pressure of the waters, and drift of snow." They say, that horses or rein-deer would be of no use in travelling, which can only be done on foot, that is on snow-shoes, and either drawing their food after them in small hand-sledges or by dogs; that they seldom travel except to islands at trifling distances, and that is rendered dangerous by the sudden drifts of snow: that from the latter end of October to the 12th of January, the sun does not appear above the horizon: that from the appearance of the moon in the second quarter to her decline in the last, the nights are very luminous, and the stars extraordinary light both day and night. To the question—as to the possibility of crossing the ice in winter to the Pole, they answer,

"The likelihood of a passage to the North Pole does not seem probable to the fishermen, as they have not had an opportunity to attempt it; and, from their observations, think all passage impossible, as the mountains of ice appear monstrously large and lofty. Some of the ice is continually drifting about; so that in many places water is discerned. Those who have been on the most elevated parts of Nordoster Island, declare, that, as far as it is visible, open water is only seen; but to what distance it may continue so, it is impossible for them to ascertain, as an attempt for the discovery has never been made; but seemingly it is practicable to bring the fuel and provisions in vessels to the Nordoster Island."

There is another paper of Colonel Beaufoy's, on the insular form of Greenland, in which is expressed a conviction, that Greenland is not joined to North America, but an island; that North, as well as South America, is surrounded by the ocean; and that the North-west Passage is to be sought about the seventy-second degree of north latitude.

We conclude this somewhat lengthened review, by again observing, that though we are not very sanguine concerning the success of the expeditions that are now about to proceed in their undertaking, yet we think nothing less questionable than the merit of the attempt. We need not add, that we earnestly wish for its attainment of its objects, and still more anxiously desire the safety of all engaged in its risk.

*Observations on the Importance of extending the British Fisheries, and of forming an Iceland Fishing Society, connected*

\* See Literary Journal, p. 24.



*with Establishments and Stations on the British and Irish Coasts. Likewise a short Treatise on the Quality of Salt fit for the Fisheries; and Remarks on the best Modes of Curing Fish. Also, an Account of the First Introduction of the British Trade with Iceland, &c.* By S. Phelps. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 118.

THE pages now before us\*, and of which we have only been able to take a hasty view, appear rather to merit attention from the motives that have influenced its author in bringing it before the public, than from any lasting benefit likely to accrue from the adoption of the plan proposed; but as we have been given to understand that the subject is likely to be brought before the House of Commons, we shall take a brief glance of its contents, reserving to ourselves a right to resume the subject (if it should be desirable to do so,) at a future opportunity.

The following is the outline of the plan proposed by Mr. P.:—"That a Committee be appointed to examine and carry into effect the act of the 26th Geo. III, cap. 106, styled an act for incorporating certain persons therein enumerated, by the name and style of '*The British Society for extending the Fisheries, and improving the Sea Coasts of this Kingdom.*'"

"That the Committee shall proceed to raise subscriptions to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in shares of fifty pounds, as expressed in the aforesaid act of parliament, by which subscribers will only be liable to the amount of their respective subscriptions; and that five per cent only shall be required in the first instance, which will be sufficient to pay the first contingent expenses, and prepare the establishment of the first fishing station at the Orkneys.

"That when the establishment of this Society shall be at full maturity, there shall be at least four or five different stations, or depôts, for receiving and curing fish. One at the Orkneys; one at the Hebrides, or Western Isles; one on the North-west coast of Ireland; one at the Isle of Man, and at any other places that may be deemed eligible; by which, vessels from Iceland will always find a favourable wind to one of these stations; and at some seasons of the year they may be most profitably employed in fishing contiguous to those stations.

"That depôts shall be appointed,

properly situated, to supply the Baltic, West Indies, France, Portugal, Spain, Mediterranean, and other foreign markets, as well as the coasting and inland trade.

"That the Company's fish shall be cured, packed, and sold, only at these stations or depôts, as the intention of the Society is not to become merchants, but to be solely fishermen and curers.

"That the expense of the station at the Orkneys will not exceed five thousand pounds; no racks or other erections being required there as at Newfoundland."

Though Mr. P. states, that the object of this plan is the extension of the British Fisheries, we firmly believe that the effect of its accomplishment would be little short of annihilating one of the most useful colonies of Great Britain\*. Indeed, we conceive the question before us to be simply this; whether it is of more importance to support the Newfoundland trade already established, though under considerable embarrassment; or, by vesting of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the hands of a joint stock company, found a new and apparently more lucrative one? The advantages resulting from transferring the trade to Iceland, (for we cannot see the proposed establishment of fishing-stations in any other light,) appear as follows:—1st, "An inexhaustible supply of fish." This can scarcely be considered an object of any very great importance, when it is known that many thousand load of the finest mackerel were last season used to manure the soil; the expense of carriage being considerably more than the fish was worth when brought to the inland market.—2d. "Its proximity to the shores of Scotland and Ireland." This, for the home-trade, would be a consideration of much greater value than the former, were it not counterbalanced by the increased trouble and expense of conveying the fish to the West India market, where it forms so large a portion of the food consumed by the negro population. Its effect on the carrying trade from St. John's to the West Indies would be of the most ruinous tendency, and the Americans, once in possession of the North American fisheries, might with security exact their own terms. The frequent opening of the West India ports is a convincing proof that the mother country is too far distant to be available for the supply of provisions, in case of emergency.

Mr. P. acknowledges, that "before Newfoundland was discovered, our principal fisheries for cod were in the

seas of Iceland." If we had required any further arguments to convince us of the impolicy, not to say injustice, of transferring our fish trade from its present situation, it would be founded on this,—Are we to suppose that, without some good and substantial reason, a change of such vital importance would have taken place? But to account for this, it would be necessary to take a brief review of the history of the Danish colony, from the reign of Elizabeth, who condescended to ask Christian the VIIth permission to fish in its seas, to the present period.

*The Moneiad; or, the Power of Money. A Poem, in Three Cantos.* By the Rev. W. P. Macdonald. 12mo. pp. 180. 1818.

It is common with those who find the greatest pleasure in mental or scientific pursuits, to regard with indifference, and, not unfrequently, with contempt, the concerns of commerce, and the means by which that powerful machine is conducted. If this consideration had received its due attention in the author's mind, we think he would never have hazarded the remark with which he commences his preface:—"It is rather surprising," he tells us, "that Money, the powerful influence of which on the conduct of man has at all times been so remarkable,—a subject, therefore, so copious and interesting for genius to work upon, has been hitherto quite overlooked, or neglected, by every fine writer, both ancient and modern." Money, according to our ideas, is an ungracious theme for poetry, because it is so frequently connected with the baser passions of mankind, and is at the same time the source from whence much of our original simplicity and purity has been totally perverted.

With respect to the composition of this poem, it is generally good: but, at the same time, it is debased by a few common-place allusions. It is rather a melancholy entertainment for an author to be witty, or to attempt to be so, upon either his misfortunes or his poverty, as this entirely destroys the pleasure which the reader would otherwise feel. Mr. M. will do well to be more cautious with respect to this failing, and also to guard against too close an imitation of other writers. A line like the following (p. 77) will be recognised by every reader of Thomson's Seasons:—

"But happy he, the happiest of his kind."

Having thus acquitted ourselves of the unpleasant duty of criticising and exposing what appears to be the most material errors of this poem, it remains to point out the better parts. The

\* Independently of the interest of the above question, so far as commerce is concerned, the rarity of this treatise gives it an additional claim to our notice: it has not been published, and the impression has been limited to fifty copies.

\* See De Pradt's "Colonies."



commencement, the episode of Rosaline, and the conclusion, are in many places beautiful; and we do not doubt but under the influence of a more poetical subject, the soarings of Mr. M.'s muse would prove infinitely more delightful. Strictly speaking, perhaps one of this poem's best passages occurs in the opening; where the first discovery of gold, and its earliest manufacture, is discussed. This part, with which we shall close our observations, will convey to our readers a sufficient idea of the composition:—

" Say, in thy dark retreat who found thee first  
Slumbering inert? who led thee beaming forth  
In all thy native splendour; and thy worth  
Discovering, gave thee to th' admiring world?  
Did he, the smith renown'd before the flood,  
Tubalcain, first who lighted up the forge  
To smelt metallic ore, since Vulcan nam'd  
In Pagan story, and a god 'yclep'd;  
In vasty Ætna's workshop said to rule  
The swarthy Cyclops, Steropes, Piraemon,  
And Brontes; giants tall; whose brawny might  
Wielded the hammer huge o'er glowing gold,  
Snatch'd hasty from the red-hot roaring furnace;  
Then steep'd the hissing mass in temp'ring wave,  
To form the arms of gods, shields, helms, and spears,  
Intent, and the dread thunderbolts of Jove:  
Did he the earliest, from thy native bed,  
Monarch of metals! raise thee, and explore,  
With touchstone or in chymic crucible,  
Thy virtues; till, through ev'ry ordeal tried,  
Unseath'd and still the same thou clear didst prove  
Thy substance pure and indestructible."

*A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning, M. P.* 8vo. 1818.

THE story is familiar to every one, of a poor Frenchman, who being deficient in resources for providing himself with board and lodging, put some pounded sugar, or else some *powder of post*, into papers, upon which he wrote the fearful words—"Poison for the King,"—"Poison for the Dauphin,"—"Poison for Monsieur," &c. and thus managed to get himself provided for in the Bastille. In England, too, we have heard of itinerant dealers, who went about crying, "Come, buy my straw, and I'll give you a ballad; a new song, and a true song: you may sing it, but I dare not!" Many other similar schemes, also, have been practised: we have seen books advertised for sale, which were to be sold sealed, on account of their objectionable contents; harmless books have been furnished with odious title-pages, and genuine British manufactures have been sold for contraband; all designed to impose upon the *well-intentioned* purchaser!

The late week has produced a fraud of the present description. A pamphlet was printed, entitled "A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning," and the name of a bookseller (Ridgway)

attached. Next, this pamphlet was withdrawn from general circulation; and great affected anxiety displayed, to prevent the "proof of publication" being attainable. After this, the copies were sent, in blank covers, to a chosen few. Next, the greater part of the contents was published in some of the newspapers, accompanied with pleasant puffs, in the form of pompous accounts of the formidable character of the production. All would not do. The unhappy pamphlet, like so many other pamphlets, "dropped still-born" from the press. In the end, the author, as the only remaining resource, put into a paper of last Sunday the following advertisement:—

"THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER TO MR. CANNING TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER."

"SIR,—You are requested to insert in your paper the reply of the Right Honourable George Canning, to my public remonstrance with that gentleman on the insult he lately dared to offer to the people of England.

"I am agreeably disappointed. After ten days' deliberation, he acknowledges the tribunal, and has determined to plead.

"Whilst his judges are deciding on the merits of his defence, it shall be my care to provide the gentleman with another opportunity of displaying his taste and talents in the protection of his character.

"In the meantime, whilst Mr. Lambton is a 'Dolt and an Idiot,' I am content to be a 'Liar and a Slanderer and an Assassin,' according to the same inimitable master of the vulgar tongue.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING."

"MR. CANNING'S LETTER."

"Gloucester Lodge, April 10, 1818.

"SIR,—I received early in the last week the copy of your pamphlet, which you (I take for granted) had the attention to send to me.

"Soon after I was informed, on the authority of your publisher, that you had withdrawn the whole impression from him, with the view (as was supposed) of suppressing the publication.

"I since learn, however, that the pamphlet, though not sold, is circulated under blank covers.

"I learn this from (among others) the gentleman to whom the pamphlet has been industriously attributed, but who has voluntarily and absolutely denied to me that he has any knowledge of it or of its author.

"To you, Sir, whoever you may be, I address myself thus directly, for the purpose of expressing to you my opinion, that

"You are a Liar and a Slanderer, and want courage only to be an Assassin.

"I have only to add, that no man knows of my writing to you; that I shall maintain the same reserve so long as I have an expectation of hearing from you in your own name; and that I shall not give up that expectation till to-morrow (Saturday) night.

"The same address which brought me

your pamphlet, will bring any letter safe to my hands.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
(Signed) "GEO. CANNING."

"For the Author of 'A Letter to the Right Hon. Geo. Canning.'

"[Mr. Ridgway is requested to forward this letter to its destination.]"

This bait (after the failure of so many others) has had a partial success; and the "Suppressed Letter" the celebrity of a week.

We shall tell the reader fairly, that we never read the "Suppressed Letter," until after we had a rumour that "Mr. Canning's Letter" was a *forgery*. What influence that rumour has had upon our judgment we will not pretend to say: but certain it is, that to us, the forgery is plain beyond the shadow of contradiction.

In the first place, we regard "Mr. Canning's Letter" as a *forgery*, because we see that the "Suppressed Letter" is an *imposture*. IT IS NO LIBEL. It contains nothing which any printer would be *afraid* to print, nor any bookseller to publish, whatever might be the sense of *shame* that ought to operate upon either. In the second place, we regard "Mr. Canning's Letter" as a *forgery*, because, if, in consequence of reading such a letter as that which we are now reviewing, Mr. Canning actually did write such a letter as that which the advertisement ascribes to him—then Mr. Canning must be—what Mr. Cobbett said he should be himself—if ever he thought well of Sir Francis Burdett—THE STUPIDEST THAT EVER BROWSED A THISTLE.

There is nothing in the "Suppressed Letter," which, on the one hand, can have given the least disturbance to Mr. Canning's mind, and still less that can justify the greater part of the words imputed to Mr. Canning, in his pretended description of the author. How can the author of such a letter be called "a liar and a slanderer?" That he "wants courage only, to be an assassin," seems likely enough; but how can he deserve the epithets of "liar and slanderer?" What has he stated which can by any possibility have been falsely stated? What has he said of Mr. Canning's character, to which Mr. Canning could possibly condescend to give the name of slander. The truth is, that the whole letter is but the harangue of a Billingsgate—a violent scolding—a torrent of abuse—concluded with—not a *threat* of, but an *incentive* to—ASSASSINATION and TREASON.

"That all the turpitude of the "Suppressed Letter" has been distinctly and deeply felt by the more decent part of the political adversaries of Mr. Can-



ning, is amply testified by this, that, up to the hour in which we are now writing, no part of that worthy production has appeared in the Morning Chronicle. By the law of the TRIAL BY BATTLE, every man is exempted from fighting a leper; and the Morning Chronicle, with an unimpeachable generalship, has been content to hover round the "city of the plague," aware that there must come a scourge from the contact, from which no victory could make amends. It has nibbled, therefore, at the "Suppressed Letter." It has talked about it, but it has carefully avoided to show it. It has known that it is a disgrace to the cause. "Save me from my friends," is the judicious maxim that it has kept in view. It has exulted over the existence of a letter from Mr. Canning; it has dwelt with delight upon the occasion of that letter; but has not quoted a single sentence from it. In this, the Chronicle has shown at least its pretensions to common sense, if not to superlative honesty. It has followed the tactics observed by every skilful partizan when he seeks the assistance of the matter without defiling himself with manner. It "loves the treason, but detests the traitor."

#### MR. CANNING'S SPEECH ON THE INDEMNITY BILL.

Wednesday, March 11, 1818.

[The celebrity which has been given to the subjoined speech, induces us to make it an article of our Miscellany. By some, it has been called a "brutal speech." "So long" (according to others) "as the English language lasts, so long will this speech be read by the scholar and the statesman with equal admiration and delight. This—this speech it was—hailed with applause by a crowded senate, and followed by the triumphant majority of 238—which formed the real crime of Mr. Canning. He was guilty of being unanswered and unanswerable; this was 'the head and front of his offending;' and hence all the malignity of the attacks which have been since made on him."—The reader will judge for himself.]

Mr. CANNING said, that if he were to agree to the doctrine laid down, that the interference of ministers had been utterly unnecessary, he might abstain from troubling the House. But if, at this late period of the debate, there were to be any indisposition on the part of ministers to take part in it, it might be imputed to them that they shrunk from the question. It had been admitted that the attacking party should take the widest possible range, and call in all their auxiliaries to their aid; but those who were on their defence were to be compelled to stick to the point. But how could any man argue on the Indemnity Bill, without reference to the measures on which it was founded? He would not say that the Indemnity Bill was the necessary consequence of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, though of all men the honourable gentleman who spoke last was the last person who ought

to avail himself of this point; for that honourable and learned gentleman having last year been defeated in two opportunities of preventing the Suspension, consoled himself on the prospective opposition he should make to the Bill of Indemnity. In his mind, therefore, it was connected with the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The necessity, however, of a Bill of Indemnity, grew out of the circumstances of the country; in which necessity the Suspension Act originated. This state of the country rendered it necessary for those who acted under the government, if they meant to do their duty, to outstrip the limits of the law. The same state of things that produced this necessity, induced the House to make a temporary sacrifice of that portion of our liberties; and out of these circumstances had grown the necessity of indemnifying them for the acts they had committed, and of which they could not make a full justification, without an exposure of the evidence that had been laid before them; that was, to indemnify them for having committed acts beyond the law, and to dispense with the necessity of their justifying acts in themselves legal, but legally not provable, except by evidence that could not be disclosed. It was, therefore, incorrect to say, that the Indemnity Bill was a consequence of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Those who had opposed the Suspension Act might feel themselves justified in opposing the Bill of Indemnity, and those who had supported the former might now support the latter; nay more, he thought the minority on the former occasion, ought to feel themselves bound by the act of the majority, and support the Indemnity Bill, as a consequence of the former proceedings of the House. But then it was said, the powers of the ministers had been abused. "Give us inquiry," it was said, "and we will prove it:" but this was arguing in a vicious circle—it was begging the whole question. The power was granted in the last year, because there were certain crimes which could not be brought to a complete trial; and it was now said, bring those acts to a complete trial, and we will show that the power has been abused. The proceeding now might not be the same with former proceedings in all points, but the precedents bore the seeds of the present measure. In the first year of King William, in that most whiggish time, under that most whiggish monarch, a message was brought to the House by (to render the whole scene more completely whiggish,) Mr. Hampden, to this effect—"His Majesty informs the House of Commons that there have been held in this town divers meetings and cabals for conspiracies against his person and government"—(read on, from the opposition,) "in favour of the late King James. His Majesty has caused some of them to be apprehended on suspicion of treason, and may see cause to do so as to others; but His Majesty is between two great difficulties—if he sets them at liberty he shall be wanting to his own safety; if he detains them he is unwilling to do any thing but what is warranted by law." (*Hear! from the opposition.*) He saw nothing in this about bringing to trial. (*Hear!*) The right honourable gentleman proceeded to argue, that the House would have been unjust if they had not taken into their contemplation the probability of a

Bill of Indemnity being required; otherwise ministers would have been placed in a situation of doing acts for which they could not produce a perfect defence. The question now was, whether a Bill of Indemnity from the Lords should be accepted? and he would agree that if a case was not made out for it, the reason must be the abuse of the powers confided to them, and which would be a just ground for refusing it. Now, with regard to the petitions, it was considered by the honourable and learned gentleman, that they had not examined them specifically; and he held this out as a proof of the disregard of Parliament for the rights of the people. But let any man look back to these petitions, and examine how far they were borne out by facts. Was every man who had been let loose to be allowed to come to the bar and say he had been most cruelly treated, and was the most innocent of mankind, and that his merits alone had pointed him out for persecution? There were petitions of every class, and many which imputed all that had passed to Oliver. He must give the gentlemen opposite credit for lately deploring the situation of that wicked instigator of murder, Ward, though they now found it convenient to give him up. (*Hear! hear! hear!*) For this man the tears and commiseration of that House had been invoked, till it was hinted that their compassion was solicited for an assassin and an instigator of murder. Next the revered Ogden was held up, for all the sympathy that silver-haired age and deep infirmity were entitled to (*laughter*); and great stress was laid on that description of shocking operation by which his bowels were extracted. (*General laughter.*) But what was the plain story? Why, that he had laboured under this disease for many years; and he thought proper to take the advantage of being cured gratis, while he expressed the great delight that the operation afforded him. (*Loud bursts of laughter.*) This might be a very proper case for the consideration of the Rupture Society, but he could not see what Parliament had to do with it. But the gentlemen opposite had thought it necessary to bolster up Ward's case with this gratuitous case of surgery; and then throwing in a cart-load of other petitions, asserted that the House had not examined enough. Why, it was only because they were convinced of the gross fraud and delusion that had been attempted to be practised on them; and if they had turned round to the examination, they would have lived to repent the day; and would not have had the consolation of being pitied, but the aggravation of being laughed at for fools! (*Excessive laughter.*) There was another case, which was intended to connect Government with the spies. A man named Dewhurst was seen in a gig of Sir J. Byng. He would admit that the assertion was retracted afterwards; but no matter. Only give the gentlemen opposite sufficient time, and they would retract all the rest that they had made. (*Loud bursts of laughter.*) Half of those they had already made had gone off by their own confessions, and it did seem a little whimsical that Government was to take the other half for granted. But then came the two convincing refutations from Sir J. Byng. There was no such man as Dewhurst, and he (Sir J. Byng) had no gig. And



yet from these two nonentities was made out a proof of a connexion between government and the spies. He believed it was in the time of Mr. Fox, when geography was not so well understood by foreigners as it was at present, that one of them believed there was a round-about way of getting to England from the continent by land; and another has asked, whether he could not go from Sicily to England in the same manner? Being answered in the negative, he expressed his surprise, as Sicily was an island as well as England. So if there had been Dewhurst without the gig, or the gig without Dewhurst, they could not have been brought together; but there being no gig, and no Dewhurst, placed the accusers of government in still greater dilemma to prove the connexion. The right honourable gentleman then adverted to the attempts that had been made to show that Oliver had been sent from London as a delegate, and repeated that it was Mitchell who was the London delegate, and who had taken Oliver with him. But Oliver, being once introduced as a delegate, was obliged to pass as one, for it would have cost him his life to disavow it. Again, the speech ascribed to Oliver by Mitchell was true as it related to Mitchell, but false as to Oliver. The right honourable gentleman then went over the grounds respecting the 70,000 men, and contended, that all that had been said on this subject came from Mitchell, and not from Oliver. Then there was a story of a gentleman to whom Oliver gave information of a plan to overturn government by physical force. But what must be thought of the man who had never uttered a word of this conspiracy till he found that the conspirators had turned informers? He believed that this most respectable gentleman wished to see the government overturned by force, and was deterred from interfering to effect it only by cowardice. Thus were witnesses brought forward, blasted in character and in name. Another honourable gentleman had said, that he also knew a respectable gentleman, who, if called to the bar, would say, that Oliver was riding in the Park, and that he told him it was exceedingly wrong. And it also appeared that this "respectable gentleman" had communicated his respectable story to a "respectable paper." But how happened it that this very respectable gentleman, whose loyalty was bursting in his bosom, and whose name had been forgotten, remained so long in the back ground? Why, because the whole story was false, and that man must be a dolt and an idiot who would believe one word of it. — (*Loud cries of hear, hear, from every part.*) Why did he not accuse Oliver now, he knew he was an informer? Why, because he knew himself to be a traitor, and he would willingly destroy Oliver if he could. He (Mr. C.) wished it not to be understood that he had applied the epithet of dolt and idiot to an honourable gentleman who had mentioned this subject the other night; that was not what he meant. He should rather have said that he should believe himself to be an idiot, if he could place the least reliance upon such a story. The House were told they could have opportunities of hearing the stories of these anonimi; but how could they forward the ends of justice by going into

these inquiries? It was because the House knew that the whole of these statements were delusive, that they had abstained from going into them. But the honourable and learned gentleman seemed prepared to go at length into the charges against Oliver; he would examine him for the course of ten years of his life, investigate even his taylor's bill, and having a chip and shaving committee of that house to inquire into his honesty when he was a journeyman carpenter; (*loud laughter*) and no doubt they would then set aside the award of the arbitration, and revenge the decision of the Court of King's-Bench, both of which were decided in Oliver's favour. (*No, no, from some members.*) There was no man, he was convinced, except the member for Bramber and the honourable gentleman, who would maintain the proposition, that government could go on without such sources. Would they wish them to wait till treason had become triumphant, and they were informed of it by men with terror in their looks:

"Just such a man, so pale, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was  
burnt;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue!"

(*Laughing.*)

He did not know whether it might be imputed to his own obtuseness of wit or hardness of heart, but he must say, that if Priam had detained that pale, woe-begone man, and instead of inquiring about the fire, had questioned him about his birth, parentage, and education, (*much laughter*) he, for one, though he might be forced to applaud the judiciousness of such a proceeding, (*a laugh*) should have felt much less commiseration for the fate of that venerable monarch than he did at present. (*Much laughter.*) The honourable member for Bramber, whom he saw just returning to his place, might, perhaps, think he was treating this question with too much levity; but he would beg that honourable gentleman to consider again, whether his (Mr. Canning's) notion of spies and informers was not at least the most practically correct. That honourable gentleman, among his many virtues, had one quality which might be considered a defect; he was apt to think every man as good and as honest as himself; still, he was sure that honourable gentleman had lived long enough to have found by experience, that the world cannot be governed on any theoretical notions of purity. He must have felt, too, that as it was the sweetest reward of virtue to have a perfect confidence in all around it, so it was the greatest curse of crime that it could not trust even its dearest associates: to take away, therefore, from crime its penal terror of being betrayed by its intimates, and to communicate to it the best privilege of virtue, what was it but making virtue the prey of crime? (*Hear! hear! hear!*) An honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Brougham) had animadverted severely on an honourable friend (Mr. Lamb) below him for not keeping strictly to the bare question of indemnity; and yet the learned gentleman himself, like all who had preceded him, had launched into a full discussion of all that had occurred during the last and present year, that could bear upon the subject; and the honourable and

learned gentleman had done right in so arguing; for there was a connexion between the circumstances which called for Suspension, and those which called for the Indemnity Bill. Those who voted for the Suspension might fairly be expected to vote for the Indemnity. Indeed, some honourable gentlemen had reasonably gone further, and had argued, that though they had opposed the Suspension Bill, yet as that had been passed, and therefore become the act and deed of the parliament, the only question now was, Whether ministers had exercised their powers moderately? A vast deal had been said about the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, as if a blow had been struck at the liberties of the whole people. — This was not the case. He was as much disposed as any man to think that crisis of affairs most lamentable, which required such an exertion of power. Nay, more—he would go further: he not only lamented the suspension as a misfortune, but he charged it as a crime: but upon whom did he so charge it? — Not on the government, who had fairly come forward, and laid before parliament the real state of the country — not on parliament, who had deliberately acted upon the report of a committee of the first respectability — not upon the people of England, as had been most unjustly insinuated, but to whose steady loyalty the utmost homage was paid, but upon those designing and malignant wretches, who attempted, out of the distresses of a day, to effect the desolation of a work of ages; who looked upon the famished peasant and ruined artisan, not as subjects of compassion, but as instruments of crime. (*Cries of hear! hear!*) Much had often been said about the cruelty of despotism, and the selfishness of warriors: nay, sometimes the other side of the House had expressed its indignation at the language of Buonaparte, who had considered the myriad inhabitants of a great empire as mere raw materials for working out his own false glory. All this was bad enough, but what could be said of those who, even without this motive, which, pernicious as it was, had yet its dazzling charms for weak human nature: what shall be said of those who, with cold calculation, enter the cottage of poverty, and instead of sympathizing with the condition of the wretched inhabitant and his starving family, calmly gauge and span his misery, not for the purpose of relief, but to observe his capability of mischief; not to rescue him from ruin, but to see how far he is fitted to be an agent to assist in ruining his constitution and his country? (*Hear! hear! hear!*) These were the men against whom the crime of intending violation to the constitution was chargeable—these were the men against whom the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus was aimed; yet these were the men who were to be put in the judgment-seat, while ministers were to be tried on the accusation of their evidence. (*Loud cries of hear!*) But the honourable baronet (Sir Francis Burdett) had made, it seems, a most ingenious discovery; he had found that, as the whole nation were determined on parliamentary reform, ministers had no other means of saving themselves than by inventing plots and fomenting conspiracies. Did the honourable baronet imagine that he could persuade any one that this was the real state of the case? Did he



imagine that by any mode of division or multiplication which he might adopt for the presentation of his reform petitions, whether he presented them in tens and signed by thousands, or in thousands and signed by tens—did he hope that he could persuade the House, or himself, that parliamentary reform was a favourite measure with the people of England? (*Hear!*) Did he suppose that the great body of the nation cared one jot about his wild plans and annual parliaments, and universal suffrage? Nay, could he reconcile to himself the justice or consistency of his plan of universal suffrage, as it was called? How could he excuse the omission of females, and of the insane, from the classes of electors and representatives? Oh! calumniated females! Oh! calumniated insane! (*A loud laugh.*) Was it from any jealousy of the influence of female charms—from any dread of the wisdom of reasoning insanity? (*Loud laughter.*) Surely the honourable baronet should not be so fastidious as to reject the insane. (*Laughter.*) For his part, he could not conceive that honourable baronet engaged in the discharge of any more appropriate duty than presenting a petition for reform from the mad-house at Kensington, (*loud laughter*) vouching for the respectful tenor of its language, and pledging himself for the constitutional justness of its argument. (*Shouts of laughter.*) But if this were consistent in the honourable baronet, what could be said of the honourable and learned gentleman who had just sat down;—of him, who in his heart laughed at all these schemes of reform, and looked with the profoundest scorn on all who entertained them;—of him, who knew that every petition on the subject came either from deluders or the deluded; yet, under a pretence that he was a friend to something like a reform, would every now and then present such petitions for the mere purpose of popularity. (*Hear! hear!*) That honourable and learned gentleman had apologized for pronouncing an eloquent panegyric on the constitution: there was no need of any apology; he should be glad to join in it, if he saw that the constitution was in any danger, but the case was different, for who were the best friends of the abused and deluded people; those who were always ringing in their ears that they had rights; or those who, while they told them of their rights, told them they had duties also? (*Hear!*) He would say to the real friends of the people—instruct, enlighten them, and then there would be no danger. (*Hear! hear!*) But do not teach them to feel jealousy at wealth, hatred at rank, and a general malignity at all superiority. (*Hear!*) It was indeed the proud boast of our glorious constitution, that the poorest peasant might emerge from the meanest hut, and himself or his descendant, rise to the highest rank in the state. But was it therefore to be said that there should be no peasant, no nobles? Those who would so level, would not equalize but destroy all ranks, all society. (*Hear!*) Yet, in spite of this truth, hatred to government as government, to rank as rank, had been industriously inculcated; and the starving artisan was told by his mischievous seducer, that all his distress arose from an imperfect representation in Parliament. If this assertion meant any thing, it must be this—that Parliament, as

at present constituted, encouraged unnecessary wars; that unnecessary wars produced extravagant expenditure; that extravagant expenditure produced exorbitant taxation; and that exorbitant taxation produced overwhelming misery. Now, what was the inference of the parliamentary reformers? Was it that Parliament, more popularized, more democratically constituted, would be less inclined to war? He would appeal to all history, ancient or modern, whether democratic states were not always the fondest of war? Look at Athens, look at Rome, and the petty republics of Italy: Was not the appetite for war in all those governments, perpetually excited and perpetually indulged? Would the case be different among ourselves? Was it not notorious that the humblest peasants in this country had been used to sympathize with the victories of its warriors, and to feel themselves partakers in their honour? True it was that lately the most sedulous endeavours had been excited to make them dead to the glories of Waterloo, and alive to the imperfections of Old Sarum. (*A laugh.*) But it would not do; and he must say he distrusted the motives or sense of that man who could build any hope on such grounds. He was not disposed to undervalue the evils that might arise to the constitution from a Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, especially in the light of a precedent; but he could not think that Parliament had shown any leaning against the people. Those but ill read the signs of the times who thought so. The dangers that now threatened society sprung from a different source. It was not more idle in the time of Imperial Rome to declaim about Brutus and Tarquin, than it was now to talk about servile Parliaments, or an usurping Crown. It was at all times the duty of Parliament to guard against the blasting of the lightning from above, or the destruction by an explosion from below. It would be the boast of the present Parliament, that although they had fallen at a time when the very ark of the constitution trembled in its shrine; yet they had the happiness of seeing, through their means, the shrine again secure—the temple still firm and unimpaired.

#### THE ENGLISH STAGE.

*To the Editor of the Literary Journal.*

SIR,—The successive encroachments and abuses indiscriminately made upon the refined laws of the regular drama, within the last ten years, by the introduction of numberless “*airy nothings*” upon our stage, from the goose-quills of absurd and untalented adapters, should call forth the independent observations of the periodical Journals, to check, if possible, this shameful attempt to deprive an enlightened public of rational amusement and mental instruction.

If an Englishman, who had been absent, for some years, from his native country, were, on his return, to visit the theatres of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, he would at first imagine, upon reading the stage motto of the latter theatre (“*Veluti in speculum*”), that Melpomené and Thalia THERE held their ancient rule: but he soon discovers to his astonishment and regret, that those *fair ladies* have been most *unceremoniously* discharged; and this *Mirror* (as it would fain be termed) of *Nature*, is any thing else you

may think proper to call it; the reflection from this *looking-glass of life* is too frequently an extensive masquerade representation of bombast and absurdity. The political works of the greatest writer in the reign of Queen Anne, and perhaps during any reign since that period, are adapted to the rising talent of *clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, and little children!*—Old famed “*Drury*” seems to be in her last stage of dotage, vying with Sadler’s Wells and the Royalty, in a pair of *mud boots*, as she will no longer wear the buskin or the sock! “*Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebant.*” Were it feasible to sink a reservoir for aquatic effect upon the stage, it is not improbable that the ingenious Committee would, in their wisdom, introduce it, if ’twere only to afford Mr. Kean an opportunity of swimming across the Hellespont, in the character of *Selim*, in order to save their *Bride of Abydos* from sinking! Novels written for novel purposes, and founded upon old stories, known by every old woman in Scotland, arouse the GENIUS of dramatic adapters (as they modestly call themselves); who, aided by the musician, the machinist, and the scene-shifter, dress up a *dish of all sorts*, to please, as they would have us believe, the present “*refined taste*” of a London audience. The genuine talents of the corps-dramatique (which, if exerted in their proper sphere, would be creditable to their employers, honourable to themselves, and interesting to the public) are thrust forward to support these *ephemeral foundlings* of inconsistency and folly.

It is melancholy to observe, that in a country pre-eminently distinguished, for centuries, in science and literature, and justly considered, up to the present era, to have gradually increased in improvement with its contemporaries, on those important acquirements, that our drama should remain in its present degraded state. If we cannot present the productions of modern authors, because they may appear deficient in talent, why do we not refer to the unfading labours of our predecessors? to Shakspeare and Ben Johnson? and so continue on “*the valued file*,” where all the varied passions of mankind are closely portrayed from the book of nature; and wit, unaided by external show, elevates the mind to its rational standard, and exhibits to the “*age and body of the time*, its form and pressure.”

That such an adoption should be made is the wish of one who has disinterestedly written thus much from a conviction, by experience, that the PRESENT system is injurious to those who follow it, and an insult upon the legitimate drama.

Yours respectfully, PHILO-DRAMATIS.

*Lincoln’s Inn, 6th April, 1818.*

#### COPY-RIGHT ACT.

*To Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. M. P., &c.*

SIR BENJAMIN,—Knowing your attachment to literature and science, I shall not trifle with your time, and my own cause, by offering any apologies for the present address. This is of a general, national, and literary nature; and therefore claims the attention of every member of the legislature. You, as an active and impartial one, will most readily (I am persuaded) advocate the cause on which I now address you, when you know



that it is the cause of suffering and oppressed authors: in your intercourse with the *Literary Fund*, you have seen many lamentable instances. You must recollect that an act of parliament was passed in July 1814, entitled "an act for the *encouragement* of learning, &c.;" an essential clause of which is to *compel* every author, or publisher of a book, to present eleven copies to certain public libraries; or rather to *one public* and ten *private* libraries. Now it will greatly astonish, and even puzzle many persons, to ascertain how an author can be benefited, or how learning is to be encouraged, by taking from the former so much of his property. It may with as much truth be said, that the subtraction of 11 pounds from 500 (the supposed fortune of a person commencing the world,) will render the remaining 489 pounds more valuable. Yet this is analogous; and it is sanctioned by a statute of the realm: but it is a statute so unjust, oppressive, and *singularly* arbitrary, that I am persuaded you, and every impartial member of the House of Commons, who give themselves the trouble to examine its clauses, will not suffer it longer to disgrace the statute book of the realm.

It is a maxim of justice and common sense, that every freeborn Englishman is entitled to the full possession of his own freehold;—is authorized to keep every thing that is strictly and honestly his own;—that he shall enjoy and occupy his own property—his own manor, house, goods, and chattels. And it is further provided by the English law, that any person who shall steal, or dishonestly take away such property, or unlawfully seize on any goods, houses, or lands, shall be deemed a felon. Hence it is correctly and exultingly said, that England is proudly exalted in the civilized world; and that freedom and liberty constitute the hereditary birthright of its envied natives. As Englishmen, we feel proud and ennobled in reflecting on this exalted character of our country; and in proportion to the warmth of our patriotism is our solicitude to preserve this character undiminished;—to pray for improvement and amelioration;—but to guard, with stern and steady jealousy, against any infringement of our rights, our privileges, and property. On the present occasion we are, therefore, called on to expose the injustice of the above-named act; and to exert ourselves in repealing it. Although the *literati* are more immediately concerned in, and aggrieved by its operation; yet the whole reading community, from the child who purchases a sixpenny school-book to the gentleman who is storing a library, must suffer by it. Their sufferings, however, are bearable, and even trifling as matters of expense, though not as an object of parliamentary injustice: but the case of the speculating scholar and regular author is hard and ruinous. After having laboured, perhaps, some years in writing a book,—in qualifying himself for the arduous and dignified task,—having spent considerable property, perhaps his all, in obtaining the necessary materials, by travel, by masters, and literary stores; and, at length, with unwearied assiduity, and after exhausting his spirits, health, and little property, he produces a respectable and useful quarto volume; he then looks forward for some remuneration and fame: but the first is

obtained by slow and almost imperceptible degrees; the latter may also arise, but not before the sanguine writer is pennyless and heart-broken. Before he receives one farthing of profit he is called on for an *eleven per cent income tax*; he is compelled to offer up, at the altar of extortion and injustice, eleven of his offspring—he is forced to *give* (which always implies a voluntary act,) eleven acres of his own freehold; and it may be fairly asked, on what account? for what reason? and on what just grounds is an *author* thus *peculiarly* and *EXCLUSIVELY* TAXED? It grieves me to say that I cannot answer the question: that my own experience and fancy do not furnish me with positive answers; and further, that I have never heard one reason assigned, nor one just argument advanced, why it should have been instituted, or why continued. I can easily, however, suggest both facts and reasons why it ought to be abolished; and were I an active member of either of the libraries specified in this act, I could not rest till I had remedied the evil in my own establishment. I should think it my duty, as an honest, conscientious man, to say to the legislators—"Since the passing of the 'Copy-right Act,' our library has been inundated with new books: we know not how, or where to stow them: we must sell the greatest part; most of the books sent are cheap in price and truly useless to us, but are of essential value to their respective authors and publishers: many of the fine and costly books have evidently been produced at vast expense; and nothing but extensive sale and quick return can remunerate the author and the bookseller:—out of 759 volumes, or thereabouts, received here last year, not more than 50 are desirable for our library;—our funds, also, are amply sufficient to purchase these. Besides, I feel persuaded that the founder and different benefactors of our library would never have thought of extorting from any author, who derives his livelihood from his pen, a volume of each of his works. We might as reasonably have required of each bricklayer, carpenter, glazier, and other tradesmen, who was employed in erecting our library, so much of the workmanship and materials for nothing. Indeed, I cannot see either equity, honour, or justice in the act; and though I am proud of my library,—am delighted in seeing its shelves well filled,—I must say that it distresses me to reflect on the impoverished state of some of the authors of these works; and knowing that eleven copies (if in their own possession) would sometimes augment their property and comforts. Besides, I cannot forget that our library is not open to the public, and that even an author may apply in vain to see and examine a copy of his own work."

In the confident expectation of seeing a radical cure of the evil complained of, I remain,

Sir Benjamin,

Yours, &c. J. BRITTON.

April 6, 1818.

P.S. I have appealed to the legislature on the subject; and in the petition to the House have shown that I am most seriously aggrieved and oppressed by the imperative clause of the act; and from which act I am not ever likely to derive one iota of benefit. I must

once more ask, why an author should thus be personally taxed, oppressed, and *legally robbed*?

#### MECHANICAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE ANIMAL FRAME.

AN ingenious writer, in a letter inserted in a contemporary publication, gives the following account of certain effects of Music, which he has experienced in his own person, together with what he regards as their explanation:—

"Having been for some years troubled with a dry husky cough, I have repeatedly noticed, especially in the evening, when previously free from irritation, that on sitting down to the pianoforte, the irritation and cough have instantly come on. This happened so frequently as to be quite troublesome; but I soon observed that some songs or pieces appeared to have this tendency more than others: then I noticed, that turning from one air to another, or from one part of a lesson to another, the irritation has almost instantly gone off. On a closer investigation, I ascertained that the irritating tunes were all in the *major key*, and that those were most so which had most sharps, more especially than those with flats; whilst those airs that gave relief were in the *minor key*, an observation to which I was led by the change of key in instrumental pieces.

"Being very lately afflicted with a most violent inflammation of the lungs, which went off slowly, but accompanied with an almost constant irritation and contraction of the *trachea* and *larynx*, I determined to try the experiment how far music might afford relief, and constantly found, that the tendency to cough was always checked by airs or movements in the *minor key*, especially in *A* or *C* minor.

"Such are the facts, Mr. Editor; and the only difficulty was, how to account for them; a task in which I derived great assistance from a little work of modest pretensions, the *Pianoforte Pocket Companion*, founded upon a theory, which, if correct, must indubitably produce the facts which I have stated. The theory there proposed, a theory, I believe, perfectly original, is, that sounds, of whatever nature, enter the ear and tune the tympanum to their specific key; that the ear, thus tuned, acts by sympathy on the larynx, tuning it to the specific key, either by contracting it for major sounds and major intervals, or by relaxing it and increasing its diameter, perhaps also altering its length, for minor sounds and intervals; that the ear also acts in a similar way upon the mind, tuning it either to



the major or minor key; that the voice, if singing by note, will act in the same manner upon the ear and mind; and, finally, that the mind, if cheerful or sad, will tune the ear and voice to the sprightly major, or serious minor; whence it naturally happens, that sprightly airs will be discordant to an ear tuned minor, and vice versâ.

"On this theory then, I argued, that my throat and windpipe being irritated by a very small portion of viscid phlegm, became painfully contracted, until the relaxation produced by the sympathy from the ear, renewed the tendency to cough; and as the experiment never failed, I am induced to believe that the theory is perfectly correct and philosophical."

The writer whom we quote, anticipates that this musical effect of contracting and relaxing the muscles is the principle to be rested upon in a work announced for publication in Germany, under the title of "An Essay on Music, considered in its relations to Medicine." Be this as it may, the principle assumed by our author appears to be incontrovertible, and capable of application to a great variety of phenomena of the animal frame, when acted upon by Music, and in the exposition of which we shall be pleased to see the same pen again employed.

### TRIAL BY BATTLE.

LYALTON V. NORRYS.

[We inserted in our preceding Number, from the Preface to the Anti-Duello, copies of four original royal warrants, preserved from the Cotton Manuscripts, in the British Museum, and relating to the battle fought between John Davy and William Catour, in the twenty-first year of Henry VI., and rendered famous by Shakspeare, (Henry VI., Part II.) under the description of the "Armourer and his Man." We now present to our readers eight documents, never before printed, and extracted from the same Cotton Manuscript, in relation to a battle between John Lyalton and Robert Norris, in the thirty-first year of the same King.]

( 1. )

[ORIGINAL.]

"R. H.

"Be ther maad a pve seel in due forme to the Chauncellor of Englande, for to do make writts unto the Shereffs of London, yay for to do make a scaffold for the King, & haue or lists sufficeant & convenable. And also gravel and sonde the grounde in Smythfelde, wher ye bataille, shal be at ye Kings costs and expenses, and yay yof to have all † \* \* \* in thaur ferme that thay le to yilde unto us for yaire saide office \* \*."

"Item, be yer maad an othr pve seel in due fourme, to Jenkyn, of Stanlay, sergeant of ye King's armurie, or to his depute, to do make

\* \* \* \* \* sufficeant and convenient armure and wepon, and deliver it to John Lyalton, appellant, for his fight in Smythfelde.

"Item, be ther maad an othr lre of pve seel in due forme, to Thomas Bee Staynyor, son of ye Counsaill, with ye s \* \* \* \* \* for him at the King's costs and expenses, such things for the saide Bataille, as belongeth to his coaste."

( 2. )

[NOT ORIGINAL.]

"BY YE K.

"Trusty and welbeloved: For as moch as in ye Court holden in our Whitehalle, at Westmr, before our right der and our right welbeloved cousin Edmund Duc of Somset, Conestable of England, upon an appelle of high treason ayenste our persone. Bataile is joyned betwixt John Lyalton, appellant, and Robt. Norreys, defendant, to be doon in Smythfelde the xxv day of Juyn next comyng. To the which John Lyalton ye be assigned to be of counsaile. We wol yerfore and charge you yat yrfore ye attende as ye lawe of armes ayeth and requireth. And yees our lres shal be herein your suffisant Warrant. Yeven at Westm. ye xxiii day of May, the yer, &c. xxxi.

"To John Asteley, Knight.

"Thomas Montgomery, Squier."

( 3. )

[NOT ORIGINAL.]

[24 May, 31 H. 6.]

"BY YE KYNG.

"Trusty and welbeloved: For as moche as in ye Courte holden in our Whitehalle, at Westm, before our right der and right welbeloved cousin Edmond Duc of Somset, Conestable of England, upon an appelle of hiegh treason ayenst our psone, bataille is joyned betwixt John Lyalton, appellant, and Robt. Norreys, defendant, to be doon in West Smythfeld the xxv day of Juyn next comyng. To which John Lyalton ye be assigned to be of counsaile. We wol yfore and charge you that yto ye attende. And also that ye do & make for the said Lyalton such things concenyng ye pmisses as belongeth to yr crafte. And we wol yt ye leve not ys. And yt yees our lres be unto you herinne sufficeant warrant. Yeven at Westm ye xxiii day of May, the yer, &c. xxxi.

"To Ph. Bee Peyntor."

( 4. )

"To the King, our sovereign Lorde.

"R. H.

"Beseecheth you mekely, John Lyalton, your liegeman, that it please unto your highnesse to have in knowlegge howe that in the Courte holden in your Whitehalle, at Westm, byfore the right noble Prince Sir Edmond Duc of Somset, and Constable of Englund, there appered I, the said John Lyalton, and oone Robt. Norres, in our ppre psones. And I, the said John, then and there appeled ye said Robt. of high treson, by him pposed and moeved to have be doon unto you souevain lorde. And the said Robt. denyed that appele to be true. Whereupon we the said parties joyned bataille to be done betwene us. And it was assigned there by the Court holden upon Friday next after the feest of Ascencion of our Lorde last passed, that we the said parties shoulde doo bataille upon the XXV day of Juyn next now comyng, in Smythfelde. And after that for eyther of us, ye said parties, by

ye Courte ye was assigned certen wepens, with the which we shoulde fight. And certain psones to be sēvally of our counsell as for feates of armes; and also an armurer, and a Peyntour, after the custume in the said Courte of olde tyme used. Wherefore please it unto your highnesse to yeve in commaundement to the keper of youre prive sealle, to make in due fourme such and as many of your lres under your pve sealle as shalle be necessarie for ye spede and the pforming of the pmisses, and of echen of theym, and of alle other things concernyng ye pmisses in any manē wise. And he shall pray to God for you. [25 Mai, 31 H. 6.\*]

"[Lres herupon wer maad to ye persones named in cedules here annexed, ye day and date in ye same cedules expssed, and after the tenure in ye same cedules expssed.]

( 5. )

"To the King our sovereign Lorde.

"R. H.

"Besecheth fulle mekely your true liegeman, John Lyalton, that whereas I, the said John, in your quarell have joyned bataille wt oone Robert Norres in our ppre psones, betwene us to be doon in Smythfelde the xxv day of Juyn next comyng, which day approacheth fulle nere, and I nat fully purveyed as yet of certain necessities and other thinges to me pteyning and most nedefulle, for lakke of a cestem of money to be hadde; therefore, That it please unto your habundant grace the pmisses considred to ordein and graunte that I your seid suppliaunt may have such a cestem of money as shalle like your highnesse to yeve and graunte unto me. And hereupon to yeve in charge and commaundement unto your Tresorer of England, by your lres of priue sealle, to make paiement of ye seid money unto me in alle hastiewise, wtout any delay or excuse. And also to yeve in charge and comaundement unto Clampard, your Smyth, for such wepens as me behoveth to have for the said bataille, under your lres of priue sealle. And he shalle praye to Godde for you.

[Ye lres hereof wer maad at Westm. ye xxix day of May, ye yer &c. xxxi †.]

[The King wol he have v. marcs Pnts my Lord of Worcestre. Tsorier of Englande, and Sr. Philip Wentworth †.]

( 6. )

"To the King oure soveyn lord.

"R. H.

"Besecheth mekely yor powr liegeman, Robt. Norrys, that it please yor highnesse to have in knowlych how that in yor Cot, holden in yor Whitehalle, at Westmr, before the ryght noble Prynce Sr Edmond Duke of Somset, yor Constable of England, there appiered John Lyalton & I in oure ppre psones. And the said John thanne and there appeled me of high treason, the whiche, he said, I pposed to have do unto you, soveyn lord. And I denyed that appell to be trewe. Whereupon we, the saide parties, joyned batayle to be doon betwene us. And it was assigned there by the Cot, holden upon fryday next afr the feste of the Ascencion of oure lord last passed, that we the saide parties sholde do batayle upon the xxiii day of July next now comyng, in Smythfield. And afr

\* This and the following in another hand.

† In another hand.

† The original copy is much mutilated; the asterisks mark such parts as are wanting.



that, for eyther of us, the saide partyes, by the Court there was assigned certayn wepence wt the whiche we sholde fyghte, and certayn psones to be sevally of oure counceill, as for feates of armes, and also an armerer and a payntor, after the custume of the said Cot of olde tyme used. Wherefore please it unto yr highnesse to gyve in comaundement unto the Keper of yor pryve seall to maake in due fome swyche, or as many of yor lettres under yor pryve seall, as shall be necessary for the speed and the pforming of the pmisses, and of echon of theym, and of alle other thynges concernyng the pmysses in any mane wyse, and he shall pray to God for yow.

[The lres was maad herupon at Westm ye xxii day of Juyn, the xxxi yer of the Kings regne\*.]

( 7. )

" BY THE KING.

" Trusty and welbeloved: For as moche as in the Courte holden in oure Whitehalle at Westm, before oure right dere and right welbeloved Cousin Edmond, Duc of Somerset, Conestable of Englande, upon an appele of high treason ayenste oure persone, bataille is joyned betwene John Lialton appellant, and Robert Noreys defendant, to be doon in Smythfelde, the morowe after Mary Magdalenes day next comyng. To the whiche Robert Noreys ye be assigned to be of counsail. We wol therefore & charge you, & eich of you, yat pto ye attende as the lawe of Armes ayeth and requireth. And we wol that ye leue not this. And thees oure lres shal be youre warant. Yeuen under oure pvie seel at Westm, the xxii day of Juyn, & [31s Hen. 6.]

" To Hugh John Knight.  
" Elys Lougeworth.  
" Thos. Kyle.  
" James Hyde.  
" Thos. Mering Squiere."

[Yt semble lres to John Cotton, Wire-drawer, Everand Fred, Armorer, and Pierce Hulk, Payntour, charging them yat pto ye yattende ut supr, and wt this clause. And also furthermore we giue you licence, yat to suche thinges as concneth yor coaste ye be effectually attendance unto hym, and do it at the costage and expnce. And thees or lres shall be unto you herein sufficient warant. Yeuen ut supr.]

( 8. )

" R. H.

" Please it unto the King, our sovereign lorde, of your moost noble and benigne grace, to graunte unto your humble true liegeman, John Lyalton, which in yor quarell, gracious lorde, hath joyned bataill wt oone Robert Norres in their ppre psones to be doone betwene them in Smythfelde, the xxiii day of Juylle next comyng; that your said suppliaunt may have ii prive seals: that oone to be directed unto the serjeant of your tentes, or to the yeman of your same tentes in absence of the same sergeant, for a tente or pavilion to be hadde for your seid suppliaunt, the day of the seid bataill. And that other prive seall to be directed unto John Clampard, your smyth, yeving him in charge, and comaundement by the same, to make in alle hasty wise for your seid suppliaunt, such wepens as him behoveth to have for the said

\* In another hand.

bataille. And he shalle pray Godde for you."

[Lres herupon wer maad as is above desired ye xxiii day of Juyn, ye xxxi year, &c.\*]

### LOVE-PRESENTS.

By the civil law, says Monmouth, whatsoever is given *ex sponsalitia largitate* betwixt them that are promised, has a condition, (for the most part silent,) that it may be had again if marriage ensue not,—*si sponsus dederit aliquid et aliquo casu impediatur nisi osculum intenderit*: but if he had a kiss for his money, he loseth one half of that which he gave: but with the woman it is otherwise; for, kissing or not kissing, whatsoever she gave she may ask and have again. This is but for gloves, rings, bracelets, and other small wares; and, in returning, a woman hath greater favour in greater gifts than a man hath. The following paragraph, from a Magazine for the year 1766, will show, that still greater favour was shown to the lady:—"Thursday, a young woman, about twenty years of age, was summoned before the Court of Conscience by an elderly gentleman, for a debt of 10s. 3d., being the value of a ring he had presented her with, in order to be married, which was given in favour of the young woman."

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TEST OF PURE TEA.—Make your tea as usual, in your best tea-pot if you have two, since that will probably be the largest, and afford more scope for your experiment. Then pour off the first filling up of water, and instead of replenishing the tea-pot for a second cup, turn out the leaves on a plate. If they are real tea, they will retain the usual colour; but if they are sloe or ash, or any other such production, the false colouring matter will have been carried off in the water, and the leaves will remain quite black.

ALUM AND POTASH IN BREAD.—The following mode of detecting alum and potash in bread, is recommended by a respectable chymist:—Dissolve some bread in distilled water, and filter it; then pour in a solution of barytes: if a whitish cloud appears, it indicates adulterated bread.

THE

### QUAKERS' ADDRESS TO KING JAMES II.

We come to condole the death of our friend Charles, and we are glad that thou art come to be our Ruler: we hear that thou art a dissenter from the Church of England, and so are we: we beg that thou wouldst grant us the same liberty that thou *takest thyself*, and so we wish thee well.—Farewell.

### BRITISH NAVY.

The official list of the Navy, recently published, enumerates—

Admirals....	189 including	12 in Commission.
Captains....	375 .....	61 ditto.
Commanders	788 .....	50 ditto.
Lieutenants	3929 .....	349 ditto.
Masters....	650 .....	119 ditto.
Surgeons ..	933 .....	96 ditto.
Assist. Surg.	398 .....	123 ditto.
Pursers....	897 .....	116 ditto.

\* In another hand. Cottonian MSS. Titus, C. I.

### ON A MONUMENT IN THE PARISH-CHURCH OF BENSON, OXFORDSHIRE.

M. S.  
To the pious Memory  
of Ralph Quelche & Jane his Wife,  
who slept } together in 1 } Bed by ye space of 40 years  
now sleepe } them } Grave till Ct shall awaken  
He } fell asleepe { 1629 } being aged { 63 } Yearae  
Shee } Ano Dmi { 1619 } } 59 }  
For the fruite { labours } they left } a new Inn twice built  
of their { Bodies } } at yr own chard  
their Son being liberally bred in ye University of Oxon } one only Son and tw  
thought himself bound to erect this small monument } daughters  
of { their } piety towards } God  
of his } them }  
Anº Dmi 16—

### EXPERT SLINGERS.

The natives of Patagonia carry a missile weapon of a singular kind, tucked into the girdle. It consists of two round stones, covered with leather, each weighing above a pound, which are fastened to the two ends of a string, about eight feet long. This is used as a sling, one stone being kept in the hand, and the other whirled round the head till it is supposed to have acquired sufficient force, and then discharged at the object. They are so expert in the management of this double-headed shot, that they will hit a mark not bigger than a shilling, with both the stones, at the distance of fifteen yards: it is not their custom, however, to strike either the guanico or the ostrich with them, in the chase; but they discharge them, so that the cord comes against the legs of the ostrich, or two of the legs of the guanico, and is twisted round them by the force and swing of the balls, so that the animal being unable to run, becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

### THE LANSDOWN VENUS.

This statue, considered as one of the finest works of CANOVA, belonged to Lucien Buonaparte, from whom it was purchased by Lord Lansdown. The statue of which this is a duplicate, is one of the most celebrated in Italy; and, as such, was placed on the pedestal of the Venus de Medicis, in the Great Gallery of Florence, during the time the latter statue was at Paris. It is now placed in an apartment of the Grand Duke's Palace, the Palazzo Pitti. Lord Lansdown's statue is considered as fully equal, if not superior, to the original.

### ROBBER KNIGHTS.

In the *Dictum de Kenelworth*, made in the fifty-first of Henry III, is the following curious clause:—"Knights and Esquires, who are robbers, and among the principal robbers in wars and plunderings, if they have no lands, but have goods, shall pay half of their goods for their redemption, and find sufficient sureties henceforth to keep the peace of the king and kingdom."

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I shall be obliged by your informing me, in your next Number, from what custom it has arisen, that "kind" should be by our orators and actors pronounced "keind?"—Would it not be quite as proper to pronounce "cow," "ceow?"—And what is the reason that the Peers, uniformly in their House, say "Lud," instead of "Lord?"

Your's, CURIOSUS.

Norfolk-street, 9th April, 1813.



## Early English Poetry.

## SONG.

BY ROBERT HEATH.

Invest my head with fragrant rose,  
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!  
Distend my veins with purple juice,  
That mirth may through my soul diffuse,  
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I  
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;  
Whose snows if too much cooling, then  
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.

'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short and winged pleasures fly;  
Who mourning live, do living die.

On down and floods then, swan-like, I  
Will stretch my limbs, and singing die,  
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

## COLOURS FOR FEMALE DRESS.

(Continued from No. II.)

Could a School or Institution be established for the study of true taste in the forms as well as colours\*, proper to female attire, something like data might be established for the few, who would be found willing to give up heterogeneous variety for elementary principles. Whatever might be the result with regard to the many, the enlightened few must approve of any suggestions which tend to improve the taste, and adorn the natural beauty of the sex. The proper adaptation of colours to complexions, is one that it is much more easy to propose than to answer with practical success. It would appear, however, that the most clear and brilliant complexions will admit of, and agree with, the most clear and primitive colours in dress and ornament, but not of too deep a tincture. The primitive colour being red, yellow, and blue, any two of those colours, equally mixed, becomes the direct opposite to the remaining one. The three principal compounds being orange, green, and purple; when any one of these three secondary colours compounded with one of the primitive the purity of both is lowered, or (as an artist terms it) neutralized, because it is a compound of the three primitive. Orange is the compound which is opposite to blue; green opposes red; and purple is the greatest contrast to yellow. Either of the three primitive colours, well as the three compounds, blends harmoniously with white. These elementary truths may form the groundwork of finer reflection.

H.

\* On this subject the public will probably soon hear more, Mr. Kendall's long-promised "Proposal for the establishment of Free-Drawing Schools" is announced for early publication.

## SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE.

Feb. 10, 1817, at one P.M. the variation of the magnetic needle was  $22^{\circ} 17'$  W. This observation, compared with those of the two preceding years\*, seems to leave no doubt of the retrograde motion of the magnet. March 14, 1817, two P.M. the inclination of the needle was  $68^{\circ} 38'$ . The same instrument, in Oct. 1810, was  $68^{\circ} 50'$ .

The machinery for working the cobalt and silver mine, on the west edge of Dartmoor, is just completed; and the workings will shortly assume a regular form. The large black masses of arsenical cobalt, contrasted with the white curls of capillary silver and crystallized sulphuret of silver, which fill the cavities of the quartz gangue, form specimens peculiarly interesting, and almost rival those of Mexico.

An establishment has lately been formed for making meteorological observations at the Convent of Great St. Bernard. Every attention appears to have been paid to the accuracy of the instruments, and the method of using them; and we may expect to derive the most important information from a detailed account of the state and variation of the atmosphere, at an elevation of above 8,000 feet, where the mean height of the mercurial column is not more than twenty-two inches.

The following is an account of the observations that were made in this meteorological observatory during the latter half of September 1817:—

The greatest height of the barometer	22°40
The least height	22°06
The mean height, at sunrise	22°36
Ditto, at two P.M.	22°42
The greatest height of the thermometer†	54°50
The least height	29°75
Mean height of the thermometer, at sunrise	38°00
Ditto, at two P.M.	46°6
Mean height of the hygrometer, at sunrise	92°0
Ditto, at two P.M.	84°3

There were four rainy days during this period; the quantity of rain was no more than seven inches: the season is represented as having been peculiarly fine.—*Bibliothèque Universelle*.

An interesting discovery, an account of which has been received by the Admiralty, was lately made about twenty miles north of Cape Town. Some persons in digging, struck against what appeared a beam of timber, but on tracing it, they found a ship imbedded in the soil. A plank of it has accompanied the account of the discovery: it appears to be cedar, and is in good preservation.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The *Sleeping-Draught*, a new farce, succeeded, a few evenings since, to Richard III, though we do not think it succeeded altogether with the audience. It has, however, one merit,—it is short; the house had not time to sleep upon it; and

\* The variation of the needle at Paris, Oct. 12, 1816, was  $22^{\circ} 25'$  W. *Ann. Chim.* Dec. 1816.

† The thermometer was divided according to the scale of Reaumur.

it must be admitted that there was not much yawning; but we attribute that to the excellent comic humour of Messrs. HARLEY, HUGHES, GATTIE, BARNARD, Miss IVERS, and Mrs. HUGHES. The best incident in it is an old story which we remember from our childhood; that of a stranger being sorely frightened by a deaf and dumb man, at an inn, who called him very early in the morning, mistaking him for another person, for the purpose of killing a pig, and to make him understand more clearly his meaning, he moved a large knife across his own throat, to induce him to get up and assist him. This, we allow, in favour of the author, was very appalling. We scarcely believe that the dialogue will place many feathers in his cap; but, if it does, they will most assuredly be black ones.

MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.—At a future opportunity, we shall have a few words to offer on Mr. Mathews's performances. At present, we confine ourselves to the following faithful report of the Preliminary Address; which, as we persuade ourselves, most of those who have heard it from Mr. Mathews's mouth, will be pleased to read at their leisure.

## "Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Appearing before you in this novel way, it will naturally be expected that I should give some explanation of the motive that has induced me to make so bold an attempt as that of offering you a whole evening's entertainment by my own individual exertions. It is simply this:—public approbation has long since flattered me into the belief, that I have some pretensions to the title of a comic actor. The vanity of mankind is easily roused by the encouragement of popular applause; and I am not aware, that actors, though proverbially modest, are more exempt from vanity than patriots and statesmen. Fully gratified in this particular, it has therefore been my highest ambition to appear before you in the legitimate shape of a regular comedian. Circumstances, however, which I could neither control nor account for, have deprived me of the opportunity of so doing. In the mean-time, I have frequently been urged by my friends to attempt an entertainment by myself, and reminded with what success the celebrated Dibdin had, during several winters, kept audiences together by his single exertions. Still I preferred the exercise of my profession, as a member of the national theatre; and could I have been indulged in the first wish of my heart, that of appearing frequently before you in characters of legitimate comedy; in that capacity I should, probably, have remained to the end of my days, without ever attempting to exhibit that little knack for distinct mimicry, to which I since have unfortunately been exclusively doomed. In the latter part of my last winter's engagement it became evident to me, that all hopes of attaining my favourite object was at an end. I scarcely ever had the opportunity of appearing before you, but in characters solely devoted to the peculiarities of mimicry. The press, perhaps unconsciously, took its tone from the managers; and a part of it, (I do not say the whole,



for I should be ungrateful if I did,) but a part fell into the habit of designating me a mere mimic, and no actor. It will however be observed, that the best authorities have characterized the drama by the title of the mimic art; and I humbly conceive, that without mimicry, there can be no acting. It is the very essence of personation, and he who cannot personate the character imagined by an author, in my mind, can never be an actor. If this argument, which I have presumed to advance, be admitted, it is surely a strange deduction, that a man ceases to be an actor, because he personates half a dozen characters in a drama instead of one. Be this as it may, such has been the opinion given in my particular case. The public naturally supposed the peculiarities of my cast of characters to be my own taste. I therefore hope I shall be excused for taking this my only opportunity, of avowing my firm attachment to that legitimate drama of the country, which I devoutly hope may one day be restored to us. I trust it is clearly understood, that I have spoken not of *motives*, but of *effects*. I have not the slightest disposition to attribute my treatment to any illiberal feeling. It was probably accidental, but the facts are undeniable, and the results to me the same as if they had been premeditated. During the last season, which consisted of 239 nights, I had only the opportunity of appearing forty-six, and *not once* in a character in a comedy. It is true that twelve nights of those forty-six I rode one of the finest horses the stud of the theatre could afford; but even this, though I certainly was *exalted* by it, did not satisfy my ambition. During the rest of the time, to make use of a theatrical term, I was laid upon the shelf: but I was too fond of my profession and public applause to lie quietly there. I grew restless and fidgetty, and like a good soldier, who feels he has not yet done half his duty, whenever I peeped from my uneasy quarters, and saw a muster of the dramatic corps—

"My soul was in arms, and eager for the fray;" in which I might prove my zeal and my devotion in your service. But this was not permitted. At length, I suspected my services were not required at all; and, therefore, "Like a well-bred dog, who walks quietly down stairs when he sees violent preparations on foot for kicking him into the street," I followed the example of my betters, and *resigned*, rather than run the risk of staying to be turned out. I retired. It was my own act. I complain of no one. I only assert my right to make use of whatever talent may have been bestowed on me to the best advantage to myself: for if I can only be allowed to exhibit those talents in a national theatre, which I once wished to be confined to the amusement of my private friends; if I cannot be allowed my chance, like other actors, in the usual way; if the regular practitioners will drive me to quackery, why I will sell my medicines on my own account; and they shall call me *mountebank*, if they like: but if such I am, like one, *I will have a stage to myself*. My vanity, if they please, has led me to make the attempt. It is a bold one, but the encouragement is in your hands. If I can stand single-handed against the hosts of superior entertainment by which I am sur-

rounded, it will be a feather in my cap. It is in your power to place the feather there; and if it is once planted, be assured it shall be worn gratefully, as well as triumphantly. I feel, however, considerable anxiety for the result, and unaffectedly acknowledge my fearful diffidence of my own abilities. The difficulties of my task are so numerous and obvious, that were I a stranger in the land, I should abandon it in despair: but when I look round me, and reflect on the numerous instances of kindness I have received, gratitude for past favours, and zeal to merit new ones, conspire to banish those apprehensions which an undertaking like mine had so naturally excited; and I enter on my task without more apology, or further adding to a preface which, I fear, has already too long encroached upon your patience."

#### MATHEWS AND FOOTE.

The attempt of Mr. Mathews to delight an audience by the mere force of his own genius and talents, is not without a precedent; it was practised by Mr. Foote half a century ago, and with similar success, not for a few nights only, but for several seasons. Leaving the beaten ways of the stage, and disdaining to be the "parrot of the poet's thought," Foote struck out into a new and untrodden path, in which he added to the amusements of the town; and, at the same time, supplied the deficiencies of an exhausted fortune: the hint was borrowed from Mr. James Worsdale, a comedian of that day, who used to entertain private company with a humorous exhibition of the foibles of his acquaintance, in which he united the powers of a great knowledge of nature with an exquisite mimicry. Foote, whose powers in both were enlarged by a more liberal education, and by keeping better company, resolved to entertain the town with mimicry, better supported and less vulgar, than that of Worsdale; and with this view opened the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, in the year 1747, with a dramatic piece of his own writing and performing, called the *Diversions of the Morning*. This piece consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters about town, who had little merit, or much absurdity. Dr. Taylor, the oculist, for instance, and two or three more, whose lectures, conversation, and peculiarities he had very happily hit in the diction of his drama, and still more exactly imitated by a humorous representation. In this piece, under the character of a *Theatrical Director*, he took off with great humour and accuracy the several styles of acting of every principal performer.

Foote's mimicry being rather too personal to be permitted, he met with some opposition from the civil magistrate, supported by the act for licensing proper works for the stage, and limiting the number of playhouses. This induced him, therefore, to alter the title of his piece, so that instead of inviting the town to see a play, he only entreated the favour of his friends to *Tea*; and thus proceeded without being molested, giving his tea through a run of upwards of forty mornings to a crowded and splendid audience. The ensuing season he produced another piece of the same kind, which he called an *Auction of Pictures*: in this he introduced several new characters, particularly Sir Tho-

mas De Veil\*, the acting magistrate for Westminster; Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer; and the no less famous orator, Henly. Neither the *Auction of Pictures*, nor the *Diversions of the Morning*, have been printed, and it is probable they were calculated merely for exhibition.

Although Foote gained a competent income by these exhibitions in town, yet he generally went to Ireland, and repeated them there; until in one of his pieces, called the *Orators*, he introduced the character of Faulkner, the printer, of Dublin, whose manners and dress he had so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys in the street. But what affected Faulkner the most, was a ludicrous story which Foote makes him tell on his passage, with his wife, from Dublin to Holyhead.

Faulkner, thus hunted to his own door, became alarmed, and commenced an action against Foote, in which he recovered damages to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back to England, where he was received with his usual favour, and very humorously took off the lawyers and judge who had condemned him.

### Original Poetry.

#### A STUDENT'S RECREATIONS;

OR,

Extracts from a Poetical Portfolio.

No. III.

"Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono  
Di quel sospir, ond' io nudriva il core  
In sul mio primo giovenile errore,  
Quand' era in parte altr' nom da qual ch' i sono;  
Del vario stile in ch' io piango, e ragiono  
Fra le vane speranze, e' l' van dolore  
Ave sia chi per prova intenda amore,  
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono." —  
PETRARCH, *Sonett* 1.

#### CONCEITO.

Love! who can hope thy power to fly  
Or think to 'scape thy darts;  
When thy own wings the plumes supply,  
Which speed them to our hearts.  
Then, thee, 'twere madness to defy  
Thou'st for each heart a chain;  
With Life from thee we cannot fly  
With Death we freedom gain.

\* This gentleman's name afforded but one of those opportunities of displaying his wit, which he seldom suffered to escape. Having got into a drunken squabble, at a house of a certain description, with some of the Delavels, they were next morning taken before Sir Thomas de Veil; the mistress of the house appeared against them, to whom the Magistrate said, "Goodman, stand before me, and tell your story." — "Aye," says Foote, "tell the truth, and fac the Devil," pointing his hat to Sir Thomas.

† These lines form part of a sonnet, prefixed by Petrarch as a sort of preface to his collection: I have attempted a rough translation of them.

Oh! ye who listen to my woodn' wild,  
And count in them the sighs that have breath'd,  
When I in passion's wilds sad gands wreath'd;  
Like my fierce master, Love — a'ry child,  
With all the follies that my heart's guil'd;  
Follies by Heav'n in its rage breath'd,  
If in your hearts Love's arrows were sheath'd,  
I may your pity gain — nay, pain mild.



## MADRIGAL.

Oft on a summer's eve, with vagrant feet,  
When the sun mildly glimmer'd through the trees,  
I've sought some lonely cooling calm retreat  
To taste the freshness of the wandering breeze.  
There on a bank with violets o'ergrown,  
My languid limbs in gladness I have thrown;  
And tasting all the luxury of rest,  
Have mus'd on that my fancy lov'd the best;  
Lull'd all the while by rills that softly wept,  
And hum of rural sounds till I have slept.  
Nor have I woke till Philomel's sad tune  
Unlock'd each sense, when starting I have found  
Night's darkest clouds bedimming the pale moon,  
And shade and silence stealing all around.  
Then slowly have I sought my ancient tower,  
And all enwrapp'd, through midnight's lonely hour  
Have giv'n my every thought to Heav'n above,  
And its divinest work, my "ladye love."

## ANACREONTIC.

Bring hither, boy, you Tuscan wine,  
And round our brows we'll roses twine;  
Roses we have pluck'd to-day,  
And we will drink till they decay.  
Yes; fill the vase, boy, fill it high,  
For see the light forsakes the sky:  
To ocean hastes the fainting beam,  
And we must seek it in the stream.  
Then let us with the goblet's light  
Illumine all the hours of night;  
Drown every thought of care and pain,  
And drink till daylight peeps again.

## SONG.

*Translated from the German of SCHILLER.*

The clouds gather fast, and the forest-oaks roar,  
The maid to and fro walks along the green shore;  
The big wave breaks with might, with might,  
While lonely and sadly she sings to the night;  
Her blue eye discolour'd with weeping.  
My heart lives no more, the dull world is a void,  
Which has nought worth a wish left I have not  
enjoy'd:  
Thou Holy One, call thy forlorn child home!  
I've liv'd and I've lov'd, now forsaken I roam,  
And long for the grave's sweet sleeping\*.

\* Translations of these wildly pathetic lines have been published both by Coleridge and Lamb, yet I cannot say I am satisfied with either; which has induced me to attempt another, assuredly more faithful, if less beautiful; in fact, it is almost literal, as the German scholar will perceive, if he takes the trouble to consult the original, transcribed for that purpose: it occurs in that fine drama the *Piccolomini*, the third part of Schiller's noble *Trilogy Wallenstein*. It is sung by the heroine of the piece, and is accompanied by the orchestra in a manner wild and impressive beyond conception. My friend Louis Berger, of Berlin, the pupil of Clementi and intimate of Kotzebue, and now, perhaps, one of the best composers Germany possesses, during his short stay in this country often dwelt with all the enthusiasm of genius on the feelings it inspired, and the electrical effects it produced. The second line, "*Das Mägdlein wandelt an ufers grün*," reminds me so strongly of Homer's celebrated passage:—"*Βη δακεων παρα δινα πολυ φλοις εοιο θαλασσης*," that I cannot but think Schiller must have had it in his memory at the time he was writing.

Der eichwald brauset, die wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein wandelt an ufers grün  
Es' bricht sich die wellen mit macht, mit macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre nacht,  
Das auge von weinen getrübet  
Das herz ist gestorben, die welt ist leer,  
Und weiter giebt sie dem wunsche nichts mehr.  
Du heilige, rufe dein kind zurück,  
Ich habe genossen das irdische glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

## STANZAS.

Oh! where have fled the moments blest,  
That pass'd so swift away;  
When day still brought us night's sweet rest,  
While night was bright as day\*?  
Sweet hours of youth and joy,  
That know no second birth;  
Alas! you ever fly,  
'Ere scarce we've learn'd your worth.  
And where has fled the power to move,  
Which Dora once possess'd;  
Which warm'd each icy heart to love,  
And fir'd each ardent breast?  
Where, too, those graces, fraught  
With all that hearts could sway;  
Which woke each tender thought,  
And stole our souls away†?  
Ah! with her youth, Experience sighs,  
Has Dora's beauty flown;  
For still with youth sweet beauty flies;  
Youth ne'er departs alone.  
In Spring the urchin sleeps;  
In Winter wakes to truth;  
And sore the greybeard weeps  
The folly of the youth.

\* Dove sono i bei momenti  
Di dolcezza e di piacer!  
† Quo fugit Venus? Heu quove color decens?  
Quo motus quid habes illius illius  
Quæ spirabat amores,  
Quæ me sur puerat mihi?—HOR.

## LINES

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SUGAR-VASE.  
Ah, would, thou humble shrine for sweets,  
Thou didst some soft nepenthe bear,  
To moderate our passions' heats,  
And sweeten every earthly care.  
Or, would that in thy bosom I  
Could every sweet of life convey;  
How swiftly then thy form should fly  
To her who has stol'n my heart away.  
But, simple, empty as thou art,  
Borne by my ceaseless sighs take wing;  
She'll plenteous sweets to thee impart,  
Who gives a sweet to every thing!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been obliged to postpone the commencement of our MONDAY EDITIONS, for COUNTRY CIRCULATION, and shall begin with our next, or Fifth Number, of which a Monday Edition will be published, under the Title of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, Price NINE-PENCE only, printed on Stamped Paper, and sent into the Country FREE OF POSTAGE. The addition of a FOURPENNY STAMP to our Paper, with the specified limitation of price, will obviously trench upon our profits; but the gratification which we shall feel, in thus leaving nothing undone to give the widest possible circulation to this innocent, popular, and, we flatter ourselves, we may add, instructive and valuable Publication, will amply make up for every other deficiency in our recompense. Our first and last wish is, that the LITERARY JOURNAL may become, and may be found, A PAPER FOR ALL. To how many important, and even endearing objects, such a Paper must minister, we shall not, on the present occasion at least, attempt to point out. Suffice it that we state what it is we seek; and this is, that while our columns shall merit the approbation of the most exalted, the most refined, and the best informed, they may also be within the reach, and within the study of the least wealthy, and the least instructed. It is, and will always be, our pride to know, that our Paper enters, at the same moment, the chambers of the prince and of the humblest artisan, speaking the same language to both, conveying the blessings and the pleasures of literature and knowledge to both, and hoping

nothing from the vices or from the follies of either. Persuaded that there is a middle point, at which all mankind, of every rank, of every condition, and of every degree of information, may meet and may understand each other; and that the attainment of this general understanding is the true end of letters, and forms the true basis of public opinion, we desire, equally as scholars, as patriots, and as philanthropists, to be its promoters; and we wish that something may be said of us, almost like what Lord Lyttleton said of his deceased Lady;—

"POLITE—as all her life in Courts had been,  
SIMPLE—as Courts she never yet had seen."

Our Correspondence increases upon us so fast, that we find ourselves obliged to desist from giving particular answers, except in very particular instances.

Communications desired to be returned, if not inserted, shall be so returned. In general, some little time must be allowed to us, for due examination and decision. Several favours are only waiting for room.

In our last Number, want of room obliged us to break many promises, with respect to which we hope to be forgiven; and the same difficulty has stood in our way during the present week.

VIATOR, on Mr. Jordan's Paper on the Colours of Water, in an early Number.

Can S. A. B. inform us why Lord Cochrane has not gone to South America?

In the case of *Ashford v. Thornton*, the Appellee's right to defend himself by his body having been allowed by the Court, the Royal Warrants contained in our last will be read with renewed interest; it appearing from them, that it was anciently customary to instruct the Combatants in the use of arms at the public expense.

In a part of the impression of No. 3, page 41, col. 1, the reference to the Quarterly Review, which belongs to the second note, is placed under the first. Same page, col. 2, for "The date is 1009," read, "The date is 900." In the same Number, page 39, col. 1, for "ancient town of Wales," read "ancient laws of Wales."

Concerning our statements in relation to East and West Greenland, in our article, "There is no Lost Greenland," we shall be glad to receive the communications of persons in possession of local knowledge.

The original article on the "Manners of the Greenlanders" shall have a place. *Greenlandish learning* is at present in high fashion; and we intend to make our Readers complete scholars in the names of ICE, and the History of the Esquimaux.

The attractive jeu-d'esprit of the "Devil's Walk," in our First Number, has drawn upon us a large correspondence. As many different authors are given to it as to the *Iliad*, and the various readings are numerous. We shall attend to the whole matter shortly.

The Second Edition of our First Number will be ready for delivery next week.

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